

# The Writer – Ellie Goulding

You wait for a silence  
I wait for a word  
Lie next to your frame  
Girl unobserved  
You change your position  
And you are changing me  
Casting these shadows  
Where they shouldn't be  
We're interrupted by the heat of the sun  
Trying to prevent what's already begun  
You're just a body  
I can smell your skin  
And when I feel it, you're wearing thin  
But I've got a plan  
Why don't you be the artist, and make me out of clay?  
Why don't you be the writer and decide the words I say?  
'Cause I'd rather pretend  
I'll still be there at the end  
Only it's too hard to ask, won't you try to help me  
Sat on your sofa, it's all broken springs  
This isn't the place for those violin strings  
I try out a smile and I aim it at you  
You must have missed it  
You always do  
But I've got a plan  
Why don't you be the artist, and make me out of clay?  
Why don't you be the writer and decide the words I say?  
'Cause I'd rather pretend  
I'll still be there at the end  
Only it's too hard to ask, won't you try to help me  
You wait, I wait, casting shadows, interrupted  
You wait, I wait, casting shadows, interrupted  
You wait, I wait, casting shadows, interrupted  
You wait, I wait, casting shadows  
Why don't you be the artist, and make me out of clay?  
Why don't you be the writer and decide the words I say?

'Cause I'd rather pretend  
I'll still be there at the end  
Only it's too hard to ask, won't you try to help me  
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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych